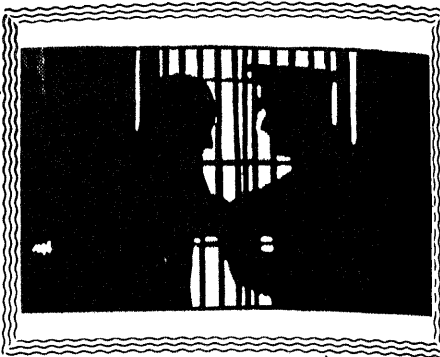


'THE COURT RULES THAT...'

The "Arms of the Law" Reach Out, Take Up the Pen, and Write About The Army's Efforts to Help the Prisoner



I HAVE found representatives of The Army punctual in their attendance to their police court work, zealous and courteous at all times in the conduct of their affairs, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to many who are not provided with this world's goods. The attendance of an Officer of The Salvation Army in the Police Court has lessened the work of myself and has I know been the means of putting some back on the straight path.

R. J. Flinn,
Stipendiary Magistrate for
the City of Halifax.

I find The Salvation Army very anxious to help prisoners with their problems. On numerous occasions Officers have provided clothing for prisoners. On all occasions, when expectant mothers have had no



Every Sunday morning Salvationists, here seen with the staff of the institution, visit the Kenora District Jail.

homes to go to, they have been taken to one of The Salvation Army Homes.

I cannot speak too highly of the worthy work The Army is doing here. I am deeply moved by the unselfish desire that prevails to help the helpless. In a world where selfishness predominates, it is refreshing to witness so much sincerity of purpose.

M. B. Badnar,
Matron-Warden,
Provincial Jail,
Battleford, Sask.

The work of The Salvation Army in our Court has always been outstanding. I have no doubt in my mind that this is due to the devotion of your Officers and to their good training. Instead of taking part for or against somebody, they always try to co-operate in the administration of justice; and to my point of view this is the goal we all wish to reach.

J. A. Thoun,
Recorder-in-Chief of the
City of Montreal.

For 27 years I have been jailor for the County of Halifax. During that period it has been my pleasure to observe the splendid work done by The Salvation Army for the uplift of mankind, particularly in supplying clothing, reading matter, and work generally for unfortunate prisoners.

M. H. Mitchell, Jailor,
Halifax County Jail.

In courts which exercise criminal jurisdiction, and particularly in the Magistrate's Court, one is faced almost daily with numbers of persons, men and women, some of mature age, but many who are still

very young. It is often difficult to decide what is best for each particular person, having regard to the nature of the offence, the duty to protect the public, the aim to deter others from becoming similarly involved, and the desire to rehabilitate the particular offender.

Each day your Social Service Officer is present in court, alert to those problems. No case seems hopeless to him. Many unfortunates with his assistance, encouragement and supervision, gain confidence and faith in themselves, and have been re-established in useful occupations.

D. B. Menzies, Magistrate,
London, Ont.

The Regina City Police have always received the greatest possible co-operation from The Salvation Army. An Army Officer attends our police court every day and stands ready to assist the police and the police magistrate in befriending unfortunates who appear perhaps for the first time in Court.

From time to time derelicts or homeless indigents come into our hands, who, as they have committed no offences are not cases for the police. In such cases we can always turn to The Army for assistance.

Martin Bruton,
Chief Constable,
Regina Police Department.

I have for many years watched the progress of The Army in all the undertakings, and I must admit a high admiration for its enthusiasm and efficiency in Social Service Work. To my personal knowledge The Salvation Army has always been a true friend of the discharged prisoner. It never allows differences of religion to interfere, and helps men and women of all religions and of no religion. During the depression jobs, we know to our regret, were scarce, but The Army did its best to place discharged men.

Thos. P. Hayes, Warden,
Provincial Jail, Regina.

I am glad to testify to my appreciation of the work done by The Salvation Army in the City of Winnipeg Police Court. Its Officers have proven themselves the friends of the



Constable D. D. McIndue, Prince Rupert, B.C., a warm Army friend



Governor W. Sutherland, of the Provincial Jail, Brandon, Man., who is highly appreciative of The Army's prison work

unfortunate. All too often I have been faced with the alternative of sending an unfortunate to jail or turning him out friendless and

without means of subsistence. Always I have found The Army ready and willing to give the help so badly needed, thus saving me an unpleasant task and the unfortunate prisoner a more unpleasant experience.

R. B. Graham,
Police Magistrate,
City Police Court,
Winnipeg, Man.

I have called upon The Salvation Army on many occasions to render assistance of one kind or another to those committed to my charge, or their relatives on the outside. They have never failed to render the help asked for. I assure you that The Army is a source of comfort to me in my effort to promote the welfare and rehabilitation of inmates of this institution. You have my best wishes for the success of your praiseworthy efforts on behalf of humanity.

P. Burritt, Governor,
Provincial Jail, E.J.D.,
Headingly, Man.

As Chief Justice of the Court of the Sessions in Montreal, it is my duty to congratulate The Salvation Army for the fine work they have done before our Court.

In many cases they were a good help to the judges.

Gustave Perrault,
Chief Justice, Court of
Sessions, Montreal.

I take this occasion to congratulate The Salvation Army on its fine and extensive work towards the welfare of inmates of our Institution.

My appreciation will not come as a surprise to you, for the work you are doing is well known to all Canadian citizens.

Alfred Legault,
Governor of the Montreal Jail.

It makes one envious to note the manner in which Salvationist prison workers go about their self-appointed duties, modestly declining all thanks, and disdaining any rebuffs.

In addition to the regular Sunday service held at Oakalla Prison Farm someone visits the Jail on Wednesday of each week to give individual comfort to, and receive tales of woe and pleas for assistance from the various inmates.

I have never yet known The Army to refuse assistance to a deserving case. This assistance varies from supplying clothing, shoes, and reading material to obtaining reduced railway fares home and assistance in applying for parole.

W. Owen, Warden,
Oakalla Prison Farm,
New Westminster, B.C.

My experience carries me back over many years, through which I have followed with admiration and great interest The Salvation Army's work among men who are termed "down, but not down and out."

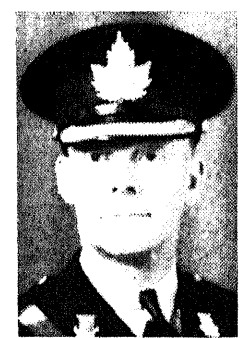
One phase of its prison work that is overlooked by many is the follow-up work after the men have been released. This work in itself is of tremendous importance.

William Sutherland,
Governor Provincial Jail,
Brandon, Man.

"Prison Sunday" is with us again, and there is no better time to express to The Salvation Army sincere appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered in all its phases of prison work. The regular Sunday services are popular with the men, and the success of these services is evidenced by the large attendance.

H. Holt, Warden,
Lethbridge Provincial Jail.

The Salvation Army and its work has always had my esteem and admiration, but never at any time more than on that afternoon when one of its Officers visited me soon after the Borstal School was opened. In fact, he was the first non-official person to come to our Institution. He spoke words of encouragement and understanding and did not come empty-handed, but presented me with a large Bible from which The Army every opportunity for aiding unfortunates committed to his care.



Warden H. Holt, of the Lethbridge, Alta., Jail, gives The Army every opportunity for aiding unfortunates committed to his care.

I have observed The Army at work in prisons, especially at Oakalla Jail, and I feel that it is no mere platitude to say that no other type of organization, religious or secular, has worked so ardently as The Army to ameliorate the hard life of a prisoner. Rain, snow or sleet was no deterrent, and no publicity was sought.

A. R. McLeod, Superintendent,
New Haven Borstal School,
Burnaby, New Westminster, B.C.

For more than twenty-five years, during which time I have observed the work of several Salvation Army Officers in five of our Canadian Penitentiaries particularly in their efforts to assist discharged prisoners, as well as prisoners' families while incarcerated—I have had an abiding and ever-increasing admiration for the great Christian organization which is The Salvation Army.

W. Meighon, Warden,
British Columbia Penitentiary,
New Westminster, B.C.

During the past several years this office has received assistance in many of its complex problems from your Organization, and recently, while discussing this matter with other officials connected with law enforcement in this city, your Organization was the subject of discussion. I feel it only just that the kind remarks spoken about The Salvation Army with reference to the aid it has given to the Marshal's and the District Attorney's office, as well as to other various offices of our department, should be passed on to you as an expression of our gratitude.

William T. Mahoney,
United States Marshal,
District of Alaska

the SALVATION ARMY

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IN CANADA ALASKA NEWFOUNDLAND AND BERMUDA
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1941 Benjamin Orames, Commissioner



SYMBOL OF SELFLESS SERVICE

By HENRY F. MILANS

WITHOUT
TEXTS

Sermons

Going The "Extra Mile"



HENRY F. MILANS, the author of this series of articles, was saved from the deepest abyss of a drunkard's misery. Having attained to the position of an editor of a great New York daily newspaper, he fell through strong drink but was converted in an Army meeting. Mr. Milans is now using his talent to win other men and women for God.

HERE are so many things in life that have to be done; so many duties that cannot, or should not, be neglected; so many missions ordered by those in authority over us, that, if we succeed in doing them, even imperfectly, we are apt to look upon our day as fully accomplished.

But the peace of eventide doesn't come with "duties" well done. Going that "extra mile" the Master speaks of in His most famous of all sermons, gives to our day's closing the afterglow of twilight, the beauty which the world looks upon with reverence as God's handiwork.

Aching hearts are soothed, sad faces made to smile and the loving sympathy of the Master for those who must weep is made real when, in the goodness of heart that He alone imparts to us, we do, voluntarily, the little kindnesses we don't have to do, and are not expected to do.

By way of these acts does sweet peace our eyelids close when day is done, for somewhere a heart prays: "And, God, let Thy blessing be upon him who was kind to me to-day—so unexpectedly kind."

A few days ago I felt lonesome and a bit depressed. Few friends come my way. My home is off the beaten track of old acquaintances. Down the street a bit from where I live, an old man has been ill all winter. We had only a nodding acquaintance, he and I. But as I suddenly thought of him, I put the snow-shovel into its shelter, and soon was knocking at his door.

A genuinely glad welcome repaid me amply for heeding the urge to voluntarily do the thing that he, least of all, expected me to do. So few friends had thought to remember him through the long, tiresome months of his confinement. In the few moments I remained I learned that my neighbor was a comrade in Christ. And now we are dear friends instead of just "highway noddors."

In a very little while I was back behind my snow-shovel again. Somehow the snow disappeared a lot easier—so glad was I that I had gone on that unexpected mission.

Over on the other side of town, we heard of a good woman who lived alone, and was ill. We did not know her personally, nor she us. But I thought about how I would feel if I were alone and sick. It took only five minutes of my time to write a little note that said, simply: "We are sorry over here in our house to hear that you are so sick; and when we pray, we ask God to be near to you in comforting companionship."

The very next day I was repaid by a little message, which said: "Your unexpected kindness increases my faith in God who tells folks to 'love thy neighbor.' So few think to tell us they care. Thank you both."

I heard of a drunkard in a little town up on New York State. My heart always bleeds for drunkards. You see, I was saved from the gutters myself. I wrote the poor fellow a short note that told how Jesus had made me a sober, Christian gentleman again. And how I was sure he, too, could be saved from a drunkard's grave if he'd seek the same help.

I seldom receive a reply to such a letter. But to my utter amazement, the mail, after two weeks, brought me a crudely penned note, which read: "Thank you for your letter. I didn't know any one

cared whether I live or die, or how I do either. I hope I won't die drunk. Please pray for me."

Such promptings as these I always look upon as coming from God, and there is great blessing in heeding them.

A sad heart can be brightened in five minutes. A dying soul may be turned toward God by a dozen words of sympathy that are written in even less time than that.

WHEN one sets out, voluntarily and unexpectedly, to be kind, no man can interrupt him, and surely God will not.

Every time we voluntarily help others to meet sorrow bravely, we make our own lives more sublime. Every tear that falls from our own eyes in sympathy gives a deeper tenderness of look and word that will arouse courage in another who is distressed. We who have suffered and wept are best able to understand, love, and help.

"Take time to be holy." Yes. But let us take a bit more time to prove that our holiness is real, by doing, voluntarily, the little things, in the Master's name and in love like His, that we don't have to do, and are not expected to do.

Herein may we show that His love possesses us wholly.

PAST . . PRESENT . . FUTURE

YESTERDAY—Christ pardoned my sins.

TO-DAY—He walks by my side,

TO-MORROW—He will not forsake me.

Three-Fold Thoughts

For
Daily
Meditations

Sunday:

Jesus went over the sea.—John 6:1.

To do battle with the enemy of men, Jesus voluntarily gave up His home, comfort and loved ones. He knows what it means to "bivouac," to be constantly on the move with attendant inconveniences, privations and loneliness.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea.

Monday:

A great multitude followed Him because they saw His miracles.—John 6:2.

Wherever signs of God's presence and power and love are displayed—there the people resort; for men's hearts long for God.

Our longing spirits seek for Thee,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see.

Tuesday:

They saw His miracles which He did on them that were diseased.—John 6:2.

His swift compassion is always present in the presence of need, but His all sufficient power is available only when individual faith releases it to meet the need.

Help us accept by faith
Thy power to help and heal;
Strong, changeless, free.

Wednesday:

And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there He sat with His disciples.—John 6:3.

You who serve Him, especially in war activities, see to it that you spend time alone with Jesus "on the mountain," so that those who serve will not be disappointed in you—or in the One whom you represent.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step
Be fellowship with Thee.

PRAYER FOR AIRMEN

Tune: "Melita" (Eternal Father Strong to Save)

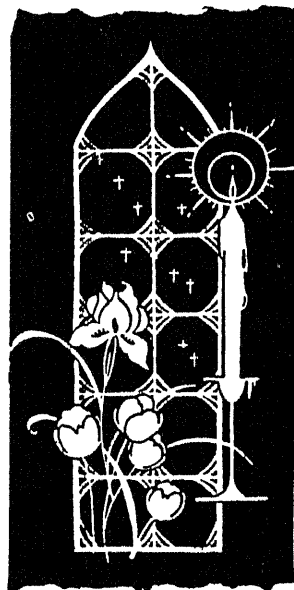
LOVE that guards the vaulted sky,
Beyond the range of human eye,
Keep Thou within Thy mighty care
All those who ride the boundless air;
Uphold them, safe from war's alarms,
Within Thine everlasting arms.

O Life at whose most sacred birth,
The sound of wings was heard on earth,
Bless Thou the wings that will not cease,
To serve the heavenly cause of Peace;
Uphold them safe from war's alarms,
Within Thine everlasting arms.

O Lord of Righteousness and Power,
Protect our airmen through each hour;
In life or death be with them still,
And strengthen them to do Thy will;
Uphold them, safe from war's alarms,
Within Thine everlasting arms.

VISION . . VICTORY

"A TASK without a vision is drudgery;
A vision without a task is a dream;
A task with a vision is victory."



Thursday:

He saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat? And this He said to prove him.—John 6:5, 6.

By the process of testing, such as we are now undergoing, faith, which is essential, is manifested and strengthened. So from severe trials good can and does come.

Oh, in temptation sore,
Give victory.

Friday:

For He Himself knew.—John 6:6.

This is sweet comfort. Jesus knows all about it, and will abundantly supply your need, if you let Him.

Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Saturday:

And Jesus took the loaves . . . He distributed (them) to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down.—John 6:11.

This is exactly the process in operation in Red Shield activities. That given by the people is brought to Jesus. He blesses it and His human co-workers distribute material blessings to those far from home and the ordinary place of supply. The disciples, while doing this work, were still disciples—indeed the Gospel of our Lord was magnified by their practical love and willingness to serve as distributors of bread and fish—the commonest of food.

Be this my only quest
How I may serve Thee best.

"AS ONE
LAMP
LIGHTS
ANOTHER
NOR
GROWS
LESS,
SO
NOBLENESS
ENKIND-
LETH
NOBLE-
NESS"

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

Rapid Survey of Red Shield Activities in Canada and Overseas

W

HEN, at the outbreak of hostilities, The Salvation Army in Canada placed its Dominion-wide resources at the disposal of the Federal Government at Ottawa, its leaders were under no illusion as to the magnitude of the task involved.

Indeed, preparations for work among the troops had been in motion for several months previously, and during that time many of The Army's most experienced Officers, including veterans of the last war, were already on the field, efficiently serving men in training at summer militia camps across the Dominion. Thus, when the low hanging thunder-clouds of war burst in all their devastating fury, The Army not only was ready for any eventuality, with every cog of its well-oiled machinery in gear, but was already making swift strides on the field of action.

IN an incredibly short space of time Red Shield Huts sprang up like mushrooms on a dewy morning. From one side of the continent to the other, buildings, well-adapted for their special purpose, were outfitted with refreshment, writing, library and recreational facilities,

two or more service-units are in operation in the same camp area and large auditoriums are used for programs and religious services. Canteens, stationary or mobile, operate in conjunction with the majority of the Centres.

Then came the N.P.A.M. Act and the need for service among acting as counsellors to those who had to travel long distances.

THE interest shown by prominent men and women in The Army's endeavors has given great encouragement to its leaders and workers, these friends of the Organization including the late Lord Tweedsmuir, Queen Mary inspected the first



WHERE THE "WELCOME" SIGN MEANS JUST WHAT IT SAYS.—Exhibition Park Red Shield Hut, Toronto, is representative of the type of service to be found at scores of other centres across Canada

the non-permanent forces established at various centres up and down the country. Military authorities courteously assisted The Salvation Army in securing suitable premises, and at present there are some ten Huts catering to the requirements of large groups of young men as they are called up for their respective periods of training. Needless to say, these services, linking home and camp as they do, are appreciated by youths and parents alike.

The total list of Red Shield Centres and kindred units now serving the regular and non-permanent forces in Canada alone is not far short of a hundred units, each one of which is operating at top speed.

A somewhat perplexing problem, both to military authorities and welfare workers, arose when relatives of the soldiers desired to visit the camps, but this, happily, was solved by the opening of adjacent Hostess Houses, where mothers, wives, sisters and friends might be accommodated with satisfaction to all concerned. In this regard The Army's women workers were able to provide experienced service, also

Lady Tweedsmuir, the Earl of Athlone and his consort, Princess Alice, Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie

Mobile Canteen put into service. With the embarkation of the first overseas Canadian Active



RED SHIELD MELODY-MAKERS.—Adjutant F. Howlett, War Service Supervisor with the troops in Iceland, discovered a number of Salvationist-musicians hailing from Bristol—his own native city—when visiting British troops now stationed on the island. He promptly formed them into a Band. Augmented by Icelandic Officers, the men provide greatly appreciated music at all the meetings.

King, and also many high-ranking Service Forces came the necessity of establishing a Canadian Red Shield (Continued on page 10)



WELL-CONSTRUCTED, HEATED AND COMFORTABLE.—The main Red Shield Centre at Camp Borden is a boon to tens of thousands of men in training

Canadian Salvationist Medical Doctor Upholds Traditions of His Calling During Air-Raids

A CANADIAN Salvation Army doctor, Captain Ernest McAmmond, who with his wife set out for the distant Mission Field of India but because of the war never got farther than the Old Land, has been keeping up the fine traditions of his medical colleagues in the Land of the Maple.

During the violent air-raids on Britain Captain McAmmond operated on patients although bombs were dropping uncomfortably close. He never turned a hair (says a despatch) although privately he confessed he felt very frightened. A group of medical students who were watching him, crowded around after and said it was the finest performance of courage they had seen.

Several nights ago he had to go out with injections of morphia for the poor folks trapped under the debris of six bombed houses. The ARP folks let him down (head first) into the holes they had dug through the



SAFE FROM STRIFE.—An Army Officer takes evacuee children for a ramble in a country garden, far from enemy air-raids

A MESSAGE OF GRATITUDE

To

THE WOMEN OF CANADA

By MRS. GENERAL CARPENTER (President of the International Comforts Centre of The Salvation Army)

THROUGH The War Cry I am seeking a way by which I may personally thank the thousands of Canadian women who have so generously contributed to our International Comforts Effort.

A little more than a year ago, all hurriedly and unexpectedly, I said farewell to the Great Dominion—to the Salvationists and friends of our Movement with whom it had been my great privilege to have fellowship for two years.

As you may remember, our farewell almost coincided with the declaration of war. One of my last charges was to appoint Mrs. Colonel Peacock to the secretaryship of what has been so happily known as the Red Shield Women's Auxiliary.

I asked Mrs. Peacock to make her first objective the preparation of clothing for poor evacuee children in England. Her request met with a delightful response, and soon began to arrive at our International Headquarters, London, thousands of durable, well-made and attractive garments—everything a boy or girl from five to thirteen could need. The blessing these have been to the children of poor parents who needed to leave their homes, I could not adequately express. Then the quilts for which Canada is famous, have been a delight and boon to scores of people who have lost their homes—lost everything.

But, during the past weeks when all England has been open to indiscriminate bombing, and when thousands of little homes as well as larger ones have been wrecked and their occupants rendered homeless, with nothing but the clothes they wore, your good efforts have been redoubled and the stream of comforts has continued to increase.

With all my heart I thank your indefatigable secretary, Mrs. Colonel Peacock, and all those of the Women's Red Shield Auxiliary who have co-operated with her.

To-day you are giving, working, and sparing from your own wardrobes to help tens of thousands of men, women, and children on whom the flood of war has burst, battering them and rendering them naked and homeless. Will you, one and all, receive my gratitude on behalf of this multitude?

Over the perilous seas, with but a small percentage of loss, gifts safely arrive at our International Centre. I wish you could see the great floor space at International Headquarters which is devoted to this blessed ministry! How happy I am to receive the bills of lading of still further consignments and then to keep a sharp lookout for their arrival. Cases marked "Canada," "U.S.A.," "New Zealand," "Australia," are wheeled into the Comforts Centre, the lids removed, and no matter how urgent the calls for supply may be, YOUR beautiful goods are admired and lovingly handled by the Officer-wives who give their days to this service.

I write "give their days," but this does not suggest the difficulties they encounter in arriving at the Centre. It has taken sometimes two or three hours, standing in crowded trains, to reach Headquarters, with the same time and conditions on the return journey after a full day's work which they count a joy.

The goods are sorted, classified and recorded—quilts, blankets, and other bed linen, men's, women's, children's clothing—each garment going into its respective allocation. The great wooden cases when emptied are placed end on end, side by side, and one above the other opening inwards. Thus they serve as excellent receptacles into which orderly hands lay the garments according to sex, size and so forth, ready for despatch.

From day to day, and sometimes right throughout the day, comes S.O.S. calls for clothing in bulk, or urgent individual cases. Centres throughout Great Britain regularly receive sacks of selected clothing, and other areas, where air-raids have been particularly devastating, receive supplies within a few hours. Our Officers, battling with unimaginable need, are able to supply it.

Just think what it means to have one's house destroyed over one's head at night. Men, women, and children scramble out if unhurt, if wounded they are carried to safety clad often only in their night attire—everything they possessed gone. But by such loving gifts as yours, clothing is soon at hand.

One man was in his bath when his house was bombed and fell about him in ruins. The A.R.P. Warden who found the poor soul, gave him his overall and it was our joy to provide a full set of clothing for him.

In the midst of an air-raid a mother was rushed to a maternity hospital. Her husband returned to their home to get clothing for his wife and the babe. He was killed by a bomb and another child with him was injured. A note of tender sympathy and dainty baby clothes were delivered to the hospital, a visit from the local Captain and prayer helped to comfort the stricken mother, and enabled her to stay her heart upon God.

Some kind hearts asked me to use the bedding sent—quilts, blankets, sheets and pillow cases—for our Retired Officers who have been bombed out of their homes. Of these there are many. Here is an instance:

An Officer and his wife in their home one night heard no crash of a bomb, but suddenly their house fell to pieces, the lights went out. Rain was pouring down. In the midst of such dreadful conditions they were able to rise unhurt and find their way out of the debris to safety. What they could not quite understand was that myriads of small objects bumped into them, or down upon them. In the morning things that bumped were the apples stored in the loft! These two dear souls stood and laughed! LAUGHED! Just think of it!

People are finding in these days the truth of the words, "God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help." Not only are their hearts kept in peace, full of faith and hope and without a trace of bitterness, but they find it possible to see the funny side. The cause of the sudden devastation of the home of the Officers mentioned above was a landmine, the parachute of which got caught in telegraph wires and exploded in mid-air. You will be happy to know that a parcel of bedding went to help these dear comrades make a new home.

Thank you for all your help. I am sure the Lord Jesus bends down upon such loving service and smiles, and says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." The General would join me in warm greetings.

Yours in faith and hope and love,

MINNIE L. CARPENTER.

MISSING FRIENDS A Remarkable Work in Peace Or War

AROUND 3,000 people wrote to or called at the Investigation and Reconciliation Bureau at the Headquarters of the Men's Social Work last year in Great Britain. Parents who had lost their children, wives who had lost their husbands and anxious people who wanted to trace friends told of their anxiety. Some of the inquiries came from many parts of the globe.

The international work of The Salvation Army is a great asset in making for success with this intricate and arduous work, and in the Canadian Territory alone more than 500 cases were successfully closed out of 280 odd enquiries for missing friends.

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE

A MOTHER, whose two sons left with their regiment just before Christmas, writes to thank The Army for the hospitality of the Red Shield Huts, as well as for the comforts and many happy hours en-



WORDS OF COUNSEL.—Mrs. General Carpenter chats with a young serviceman and his bride

joyed by her boys in Red Shield Canteens. To quote from her letter, "When my two sons left for their new station, I felt comforted, for I knew they were going among friends."

(Continued from column 1)

The day that the Captain (Dr. McAmmond) brought the consultant to look at it with him, she asked that she, too, might be permitted to see it. They tried to dissuade her, but very quietly she insisted. She made very little comment when she saw it, so dreadfully injured, except to say, as if it were someone else's leg, "It looks bad, doesn't it?" Not a word of complaint about how much it was hurting her.

"The doctors decided that amputation was necessary and so the Captain went back to the ward later to tell her. She was eating her dessert when he came in. He told the nurses he wouldn't need them, but would talk to her alone, and went along to her bedside. She greeted him with a smile and went on eating her custard, 'You know,' said the Captain, 'your leg is pretty bad, and is causing us a great deal of concern.' 'Yes,' she replied, taking another spoonful of custard.

"Said the doctor, 'You know, we've done just about everything we can for it.' She replied, 'Yes, you have,' and went on eating her custard. Said the other, looking for words to soften the blow, falteringly, haltingly, 'We've talked it over and we think perhaps we'll have to take your leg off.' The brave lady went on eating her custard.

"There was no startled jump, no hysterics, no show of tears or any other emotion. 'Yes, I thought it would have to come off,' she said quietly, taking another spoonful of custard. 'When will you do it?'"

The Salvation Army and the War Canteens

(From the Chamber of Commerce, published in London, Eng.)

THOSE who have paused to consider the part being played by The Salvation Army in the emergency conditions which exist in so many areas of Great Britain may have been surprised at the scope of

a number of Salvation Army emergency centres supplied them with food and drinks. Many a man who had thought of Salvationists as a rather peculiar people who conducted meetings at street-corners, viewed them differently when he saw their cheerful service given in such exhausting and dangerous hours.

Multitudinous Activities

It would be impossible to give details of the emergency work, but it has covered such varied matters as the provision of leaders and escorts for the Children's Overseas Evacuation Scheme; the serving of refreshments in large public shelters, including one used by 8,000 people each night; communal kitchens; organization of reception centres for evacuees; supplying of clothing to air-raid victims; setting up of homes for old people evacuated from London; first-aid posts at public shelters, and the constant work of mobile canteens where these are most required.

Helpful Services

The evangelistic effort of the Movement has been similarly adapted to meet the new conditions, and in scores of shelters, Sunday-schools, evening prayers or a religious service conducted by The Salvation Army are a feature of "shelter life."



His Excellency The Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, Honorary President and Patron of The Salvation Army National Advisory Board

Canada's Mobile Units

THEY AND WHICH THEY MEET AND

THE ARMY'S Mobile Canteen units, streamlined and tastefully-neat in their colors of navy-blue and crimson, draw the unstinted admiration of the crowds

other saleable goods are available at certain centres and sold at current prices.

Adjutant Howlett, Auxiliary Officer with the Canadian troops in distant Iceland, says: "The very sight of the Red Shield Mobile Canteen makes the men feel good." The Adjutant has visited some of the most remote places in the country.

Mobile Canteens are also in operation at the Atlantic Coast and in Newfoundland.



JUST WHEN REQUIRED.—Road-side service keeps the Mobile Canteens on the run, but the soldier-lads like it

ness and danger with gallons of hot tea and trays of food to A.R.P. workers, firemen, and the tragic homeless. First on the scene, these Canteens penetrated to places in the city which later vehicles could not reach, because of damaged roads, and within a few hours they had distributed free over £400 worth of food and hot drinks.

A Different Idea

The same readiness to grapple with the need of the moment has been manifested scores of times in London. While firemen spent hours fighting the fires which raged after the intensive bombing of early September, Mobile Canteens from

wherever they go. Especially are they welcomed by the men in khaki and Air-Force blue.

Some of the uses of the units are as follows:

Serving troops when away from camp on special duty or when on manoeuvres. Serving guards and those on patrol or night duty.

Meeting troops at depots during arrival and departure of troops.

Meeting troops when passing through for other camps.

At the service of the D.O.C. of the District, the O. C. of the military camp and the Auxiliary Services Officer.

The Mobiles maintain a free service of tea, coffee, doughnuts, or



FIRST OF THE FLEET.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Hon. Albert Matthews, and Hon. Harry Nixon, Provincial Secretary (right) sample coffee and doughnuts following an inspection of the first Canadian Mobile Canteens, in front of the Legislative Buildings, Toronto. Commissioner B. Oram, Territorial Commander, is standing with His Honor



OFF TO THE COUNTRY.—Thousands of evacuee and refugee children have been escorted by women Salvationists to areas provided by the British Government. The Officer in the photograph has since been killed during an air-raid

rubble, held him by the heels while he administered the drug to the folks pinned under the wreckage of what, a few moments before, had been their homes.

Great is the Canadian-born doctor's admiration for the people of London as the following incident, described by his wife who is a Canadian trained nurse shows:

"A woman had her legs severely mangled by a bomb explosion. She is in the hospital, and while one leg is getting better the other one will have to come off.

(Continued in column 3)

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and Bermuda

William Booth, Founder
George L. Carpenter, General
International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.
BENJAMIN ORAMES, Commissioner
Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts., Toronto

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1941

BUSY HANDS BIG HEARTS

Some Particulars Concerning the Women Who Provide
"Bundles for Britain"

the Red Shield Auxiliary task may be gathered from even a partial realization of work entailed during last year in making and sending to troops overseas some 147,000 comforts, which include sweaters, socks, helmets and many other warm, well-knitted articles. Added to that, soldiers in Canada received 52,880 comforts. The men in Iceland brave bitter winds and frost more comfortably because The Army representative there has been able to distribute nearly 9,000 knitted articles received from industrious Canadian Red Shield Auxiliary members. Nor were the Veteran Guardsmen in Canada forgotten, for they were the grateful recipients of 5,240 comforts.

Pyjamas are sent to military hospitals for sick soldiers; English airmen unaccustomed to Canadian winters welcomed the sign of the Red Shield on warm clothing; young men in N.P.A.M. Camps have received them, and even men discharged from military service have looked to The Army for assistance. Thirteen thousand articles of clothing, which included civilian suits, coats, in fact all kinds of requested clothes have been given to them. During the past year \$42,000.00

sands of Canadian women under the Red Shield sign have made, reconditioned, washed and prepared nearly 53,000 garments for evacuees and bombed victims in Great Britain. It has been an inexpressible delight for Officers in the Old Land to distribute to needy people who had lost all personal effects, good clothing to be worn with deep gratitude toward Canadian women. The scheme for providing layettes

for British babies is meeting enthusiastic response.

Forty-four of these sets, comprising 1,642 pieces, were given to wives of soldiers in need; 122 blankets and sheets were sent to homes of soldiers where sickness or special need prevailed; 670 garments were supplied to wives of soldiers and some 1,300 articles of children's clothing were provided for soldiers' dependents.

They also serve . .

A News-gatherer Visits a Canteen Mending Room

ORDNANCE may think it is responsible for the neatness of men in uniform on Canadian streets, but some folk think differently after visiting The Salva-

and lengthened, tunics enlarged or made smaller.

Through the soldiers' window-counter of the mending room passes clothing which needs attention. Large signs advertise to the boys, "Wash your socks and we will mend them."

Volunteer women work from 9.30 a.m. until late evening, sometimes 9.30 or 10 o'clock at night. Relays of women take turns manning the room where pressing boards, sewing machines, wools and threads for patching and darning, are always in use.

A Kilt is a Big Pressing Job

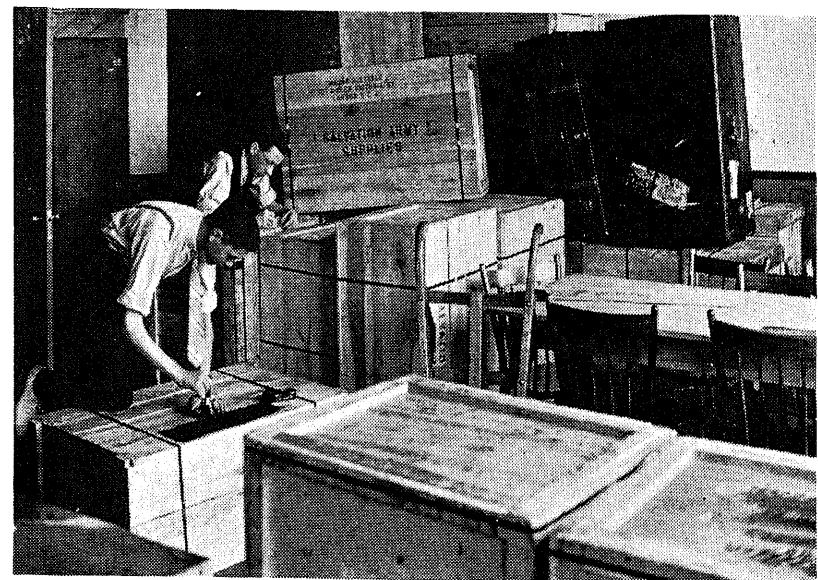
"I remember the first kilt we pressed. I did it," said a smiling worker, "And wasn't that a job! It seemed to me there were yards and yards and after I had the whole thing done he brought it back—said it wasn't done right."

"It wasn't either. It stuck straight out behind—so I had to do it over." "And then there were old tunics," supplemented another woman, "They had square corners, but the new regulations demanded round ones, and for days we cut yards of corners, sewed and turned them."

Someone else recalled the chap who came in with the tight-legged old-issue trousers with which puttees were worn and told the women he wanted the bottoms shortened and the piece therefrom inserted as a gusset in the seam.

"The funny part of it was he was right — it was the only way we

(Continued on page 10)



CASES OF COMFORTS.—Hundreds of boxes of garments have been shipped overseas

has been spent in wool for free distribution in Canada.

But all this was not enough for the women. At Christmas time 1,700 lbs. of Christmas cake were sent overseas to Canadian servicemen.

Their energies inexhausted, thou-

tion Army Canteen's mending room at any Red Shield Centre.

It is here men come with their mending, their make-overs, their darning. It is here they come to press their pants, have seams taken in and let out, trousers shortened



ONE OF VANCOUVER'S FINE R.S.W.A. GROUPS, representative of women's efforts across Canada. There are now more than 30,000 members sewing garments, knitting socks and supplying comforts for troops and their dependents



TENDERLY . . . CAREFULLY.—The nursing staff of one of The Army's Hospitals in bombed London guide the patients to the air-raid shelter where they will have comparative safety

ACROSS Canada there are some 700 groups of women who regularly meet and direct their energies into sewing garments, knitting

comforts for servicemen in this country and overseas; in re-making, sorting, packing and dispatching garments for bombed victims of all ages—from babies to aged folk.

Already the membership of the Red Shield Women's Auxiliary, or briefly, the R.S.W.A., operating under the direction of the Territorial Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Peacock, numbers some 30,000 persons, many of whom are connected with women's societies and churches.

There is no class of people which has not responded to the call for voluntary service. Elderly women in homes for aged people, girls in reformatories, business men and women, Girl Guards and Brownies, society women, church and guild members all deserve highest commendation.

And what praise is sufficient for office, factory and store employees who have donated blankets, fruit and other canned goods for bombed-out British people?

In the heart of the country district throughout Canada are small communities of farm homes. The women of these vicinities meet once or twice weekly, holding sewing and quilting bees, and literally hundreds of beautiful, warm quilts have been made in this way, together with good clothing for overseas. From the Women's Institutes throughout the country large shipments of the best of warm clothing, quilts and layettes have been received.

Something of the magnitude of

THE MAGAZINE PAGE

"The Mail Must Go Through"—The Hands of the Censor

Bermuda is Temporary Home for Hundreds of Intelligence Experts

THE sensitive antennae of the British intelligence service and censorship system reach out into many and sometimes remote parts of the world, particularly to those strategic empire territories lying athwart the trade routes of the seven seas.

Thus it is that Bermuda, made almost a suburb of New York City by the stream of pre-war tourists, has become the temporary home of some 700 censors from the United Kingdom. It is their task to examine transatlantic mail bound to and from the United States by plane and surface ship, states E. T. Sayer.

The censorship service in Bermuda has grown from a hastily devised scheme calling upon available local linguistic talent into a comprehensive, smooth-working organization employing mostly experts hand-picked in England, Scotland or Wales.

American Export liners, which supply the only regular sea link between the United States and Europe by way of the Atlantic, call every Monday. A tender goes alongside the liners as soon as they dock in Hamilton, puts aboard mail taken from the vessel of the previous week and takes off the new mail load. The latter is speeded to the Princess Hotel waterfront, unloaded by post-office sorters and handlers and sent off on its way through the censorship machinery. Neutral mail is dispatched with the least possible delay.

The censorship system calls for a room for permanent record and

high degree of organization. Every letter, for instance, has to go back into the bag in which it arrived. It makes its way round the various departments with an "identification" tag so that, when it is ready for the examiner's seal, it will find its way into the right bag.

If an examiner finds anything useful in a letter, a note is made of the information and passed over to a battery of typists in an adjoining transmission to the appropriate

SANCTUARY

Some mothers and children evacuated from London, Eng., are staying at a famous cathedral in the West Country. Ancient cloisters now echo to the play of little children

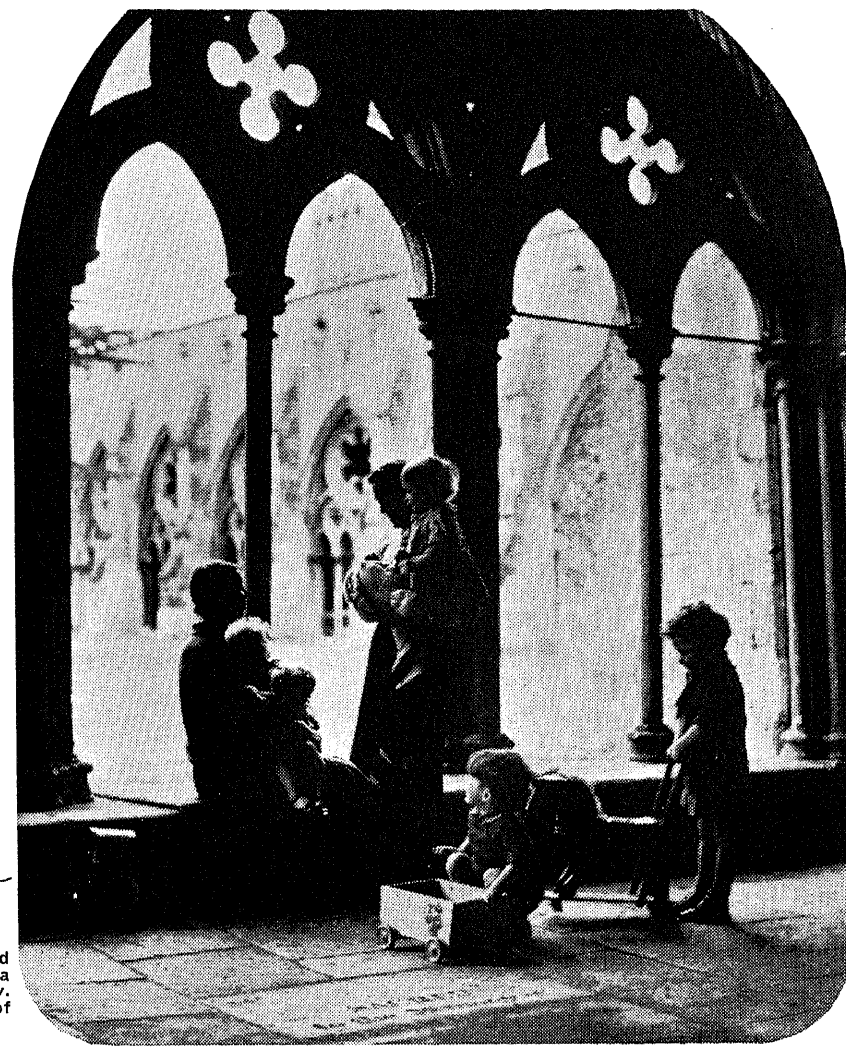
authority. Or perhaps there is a document which can only be copied by photography; in such cases it is whisked away to a photographic room where a negative is made on 35-mm. film; then the document goes on its way.

In the main examining room are tables set apart from the principal group of examiners. These are for the shipping experts, men to whom manifests and mercantile commerce documents are an open and quickly (Cont'd foot column 3)

WOLFE—the DAUNTLESS HERO

Men of the C. A. S. F. Honor His Memory

THE national song "The Maple Leaf Forever," reminds all that it was Wolfe, the dauntless hero, who planted Britannia's flag on Canada's fair domain. That happened in 1759. The famous General was born at Westerham (Eng.) and the photograph shows soldiers of the C.A.S.F. standing at attention while Hon. C. D. Howe, Canadian Minister of Munitions, lays a wreath at the base of Wolfe's memorial which stands in the little Kentish village. The occasion was the observance of the General's birthday.



PLASMA for BRITAIN

Generous Donors Are Actually Bleeding for Democracy

THE war brought to the fore a new way of transfusing blood. Until recently blood of a donor had to be matched with that of the recipient. Unless the two agreed in type clots were almost sure to form. The result: death. Now plasma is used, meaning the amber-colored liquid that remains after the red and white cells have either been whirled out, just as cream and milk are separated in a dairy by machine, or allowed to settle.

Put this plasma in a refrigerator and it will not only keep for two or three years but it can be used on any person who needs blood in a hurry without matching. Thou-

(Continued from column 2)
read book. Still other groups tackle fiscal and currency questions. What the preliminary examiners do not know, some specialized department will be able to ascertain. Whether it's about rubber or palm oil or duck's feathers, suspected correspondence is swiftly diverted to an appropriate group of experts.

Every censor is sworn to secrecy. If you meet a censor socially and ask even so innocent a question as, "What department are you in?" you are certain to be met with a flat reminder to mind your own business or, more likely, the conversation is adroitly steered into other channels. The censors will admit only that they work hard and long. The motto of the American pony express was "The mail must go through." It is given a slightly different twist in the hive of industry at the Princess Hotel, but in essentials it still means that speed is the keynote.

PUTTING ON WEIGHT!

According to research conclusions a young blue whale puts on weight at the average rate of 220 pounds a day. He has to for the simple reason that in about two years he reaches sexual maturity and a length of 75 feet, with the probability that he will increase this to 100 feet. A good healthy 100-footer will weigh 150 tons and yield about 27 tons of oil.

FAMOUS SIGNATURES

HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON, greatest of all England's "sea-dogs," entered the Royal Navy in 1760 at the age of 12 years. He lost an eye in a Mediterranean battle in 1794; and lost an arm in the

Nelson

siege of Santa Cruz in 1797. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, dying when victory was assured. His cry of leadership, "England expects every man this day to do his duty," became famous. He was buried at St. Paul's London. An 18-foot statue, atop a high column, stands to his memory in Trafalgar Square.

little blood is now taken by the scientists who expose it for nine to fourteen seconds to a sun lamp and drop it back into the circulatory system. This small amount acts like an internal sun upon sick tissues in blood poisoning, child birth fever, pneumonia and the generally fatal peritonitis that follows acute appendicitis.

Apparently fatal bacteria in the blood stream are killed and the blood's capacity to take up life-giving oxygen revived. The method has been tried successfully on a dozen bacterial diseases with success.

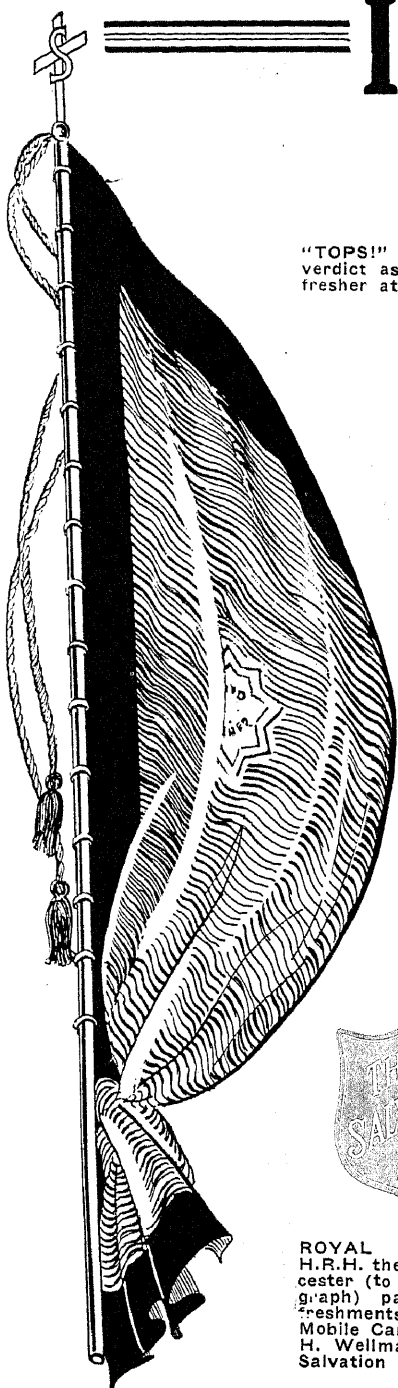
In Conflict Or In Calm

Serving The Gallant Men



The Army Marches On

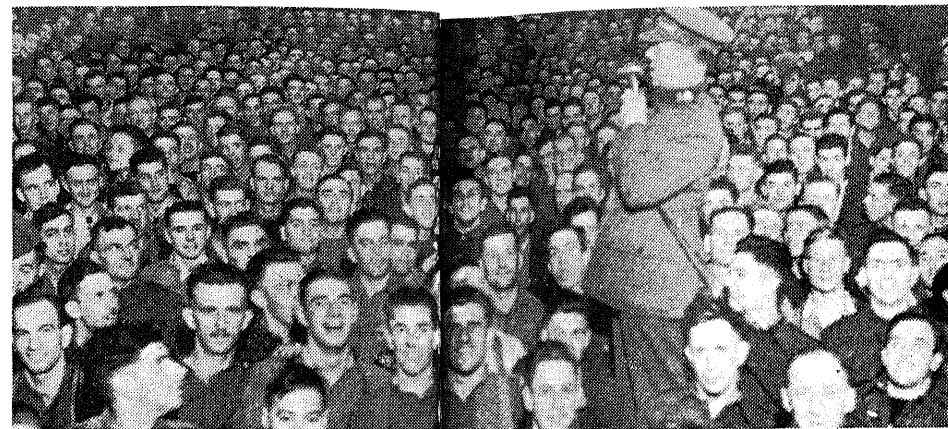
Who Serve Their Empire



"TOPS!" is the serviceman's verdict as he pauses for a refresher at the Red Shield Canteen



ROYAL PATRON.—H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester (to right of photograph) partakes of refreshments served from a Mobile Canteen by Major H. Wellman, a Canadian Salvation Army Officer



"REPEAT THAT REFRAIN!"—They enjoy a hearty sing-song at Camp Borden



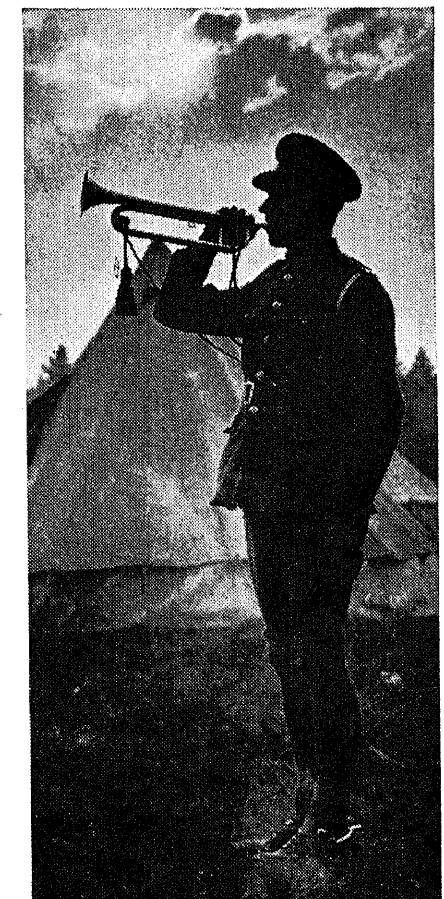
THRICE WELCOME!—The porte Red Shield Hotel, Southampton Row, London, are ever open to men from the Land of the Maple



ROYAL SYMPATHY.—Their Majesties the King and Queen share the sorrows of the people. Recently they chatted with Salvationist-workers in a London air-raid Shelter

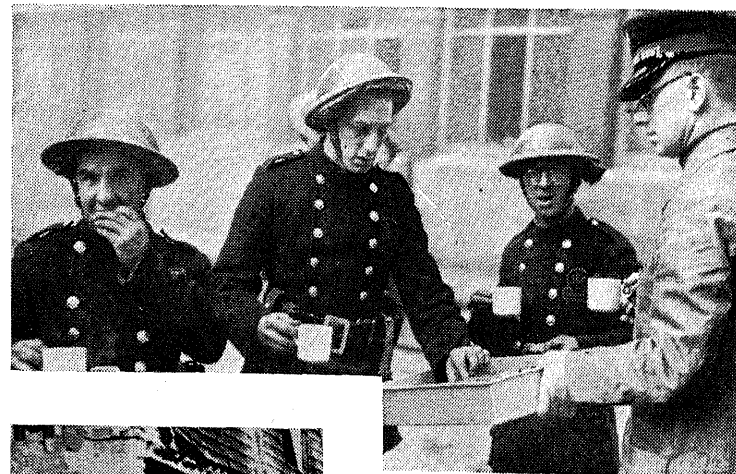


PROMPT FIRST-AID Cramped quarters, but trained women Salvationists quickly adapt themselves to air-raid shelter accommodation



REVEILLE.—A trumpeter sounds a call at early dawn. Many Salvationist-Bandsmen are rendering good service with the C.A.S.F.

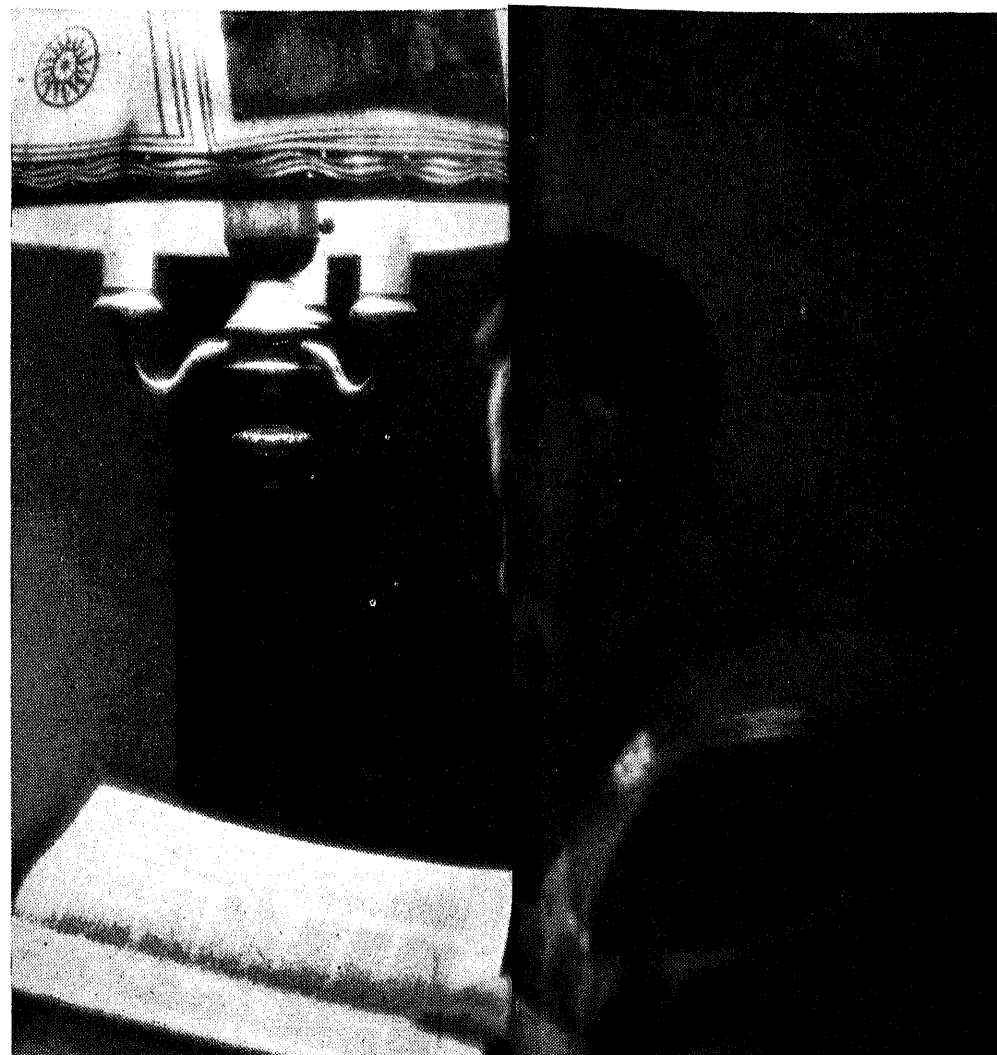
LONDON'S SUPER FIRE-FIGHTERS, during their strenuous tasks avail themselves of The Army's refreshment facilities (Right)



HARMONY AMIDST DESOLATION.—Indicative of the spirit of the British people is this camera-shot of a group of Salvationists holding an open-air meeting in a bombed-out district



"THE NAVY IS HERE!"—Aye, aye, sir! Jolly Jack Tars also find their way to conveniently-situated Red Shield Centres when ashore. The sailor-men enjoy the homelike and ship-shape atmosphere



MOTHERS AND BABES.—Safe and snug in one of The Army's Hospital Shelters. (Left) A serviceman reads from the Book of books in the Quiet Room of a Red Shield Centre

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

(Continued from page 3)
base in the mother country and thus came into being the West Central Hotel, Southampton Row, London, where troops from the Land of the Maple might enjoy Canadian-supplied facilities when on leave in the world's largest metropolis. The Hotel, which was opened by the Right Hon. Vincent Massey, and later visited and inspected by Queen Elizabeth, has sleeping accommodation for more than six hundred men and has every convenience. It is staffed by Red Shield workers from Canada, who understand Canadian needs. A dozen or more Auxiliary Officers have the oversight of welfare work in other parts of Great Britain, Mobile Canteens being part of their equipment. Two official Chaplains care for the spiritual needs of overseas troops.

It is worth noting that while The Army has opened scores of new Red Shield Clubs and Centres for the use of British troops all over the United Kingdom, Mobile Canteens also operate in other than military districts, including the worst of the air-raided areas. The Army's Mobile Canteens were the first to give aid to the stricken populace of Coventry, and were in the forefront of relief activities at other heavily-bombed provincial centres.

FROM the outset The Army mobilized its women-power, and from the first few groups knitting garments for refugees have sprung Red Shield Women's Auxiliary centres all over Canada. To-day there are more than 30,000 members who knit, sew, provide comforts or in some other way serve the worthy cause. Scores of shipments have been forwarded overseas and these have been gratefully accepted on behalf of soldiers, dependents, children and evacuees. Troops proceeding to overseas destinations have

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

P	H	I	L	I	P	F	O	L	L	O	W
E	O	S	I	N	I	M	E	P	H		
T	U	R	N	E	D	G	O	O	D	E	
E	R	A	S							F	A
R	E		L	E	S		A	R	C		
F	O	I	L	A	R	T		T	R	E	E
F	O	I	L	P	R	O					
P	T	A		S	O	N	J	O	N	A	
S	E	E	D	E	R	E	O	V	E	N	
I	N									T	O
M	C	E	P	H	A	S		L	R		
O	N	O	R	I	D	E		C	O	M	E
N	A	T	H	A	N	A	E	L	S	A	W

JESUS' FIRST MIRACLE

- 1 "that ye shall ask of the Father in My name." John 15:16.
10 North American Indian tribe.
11 Loiter.
12 Southern state.
13 "both Jesus was called, and his disciples." John 2:2.
14 "... the waterpots with water." John 2:10.
15 "Every man the beginning doth set forth good wine." John 2:10.
16 Second note of scale.
17 "behold, a greater than Solomon is..." Luke 11:31.
18 "though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the..." Jer. 49:16.
20 "And..." said unto them." John 2:8.
21 "Jesus... unto her." John 2:4.
22 A Benjamite. I Chron. 7:12.
23 "Keep yourselves from things offered to..." Acts 21:25.
26 South America.
27 A high mountain.
28 Genus of plants.
29 Sinai.
30 Combining from denoting an early time.
32 A fish.
33 Dialect of Eastern Assam.
34 Rue.
37 In the midst of Jews;

- we turned around.
38 "His mother saith the servants." John 2:5.
40 "I go to prepare a place for..." John 14:2.
42 "what have I to do with..." John 2:4.
44 "no man putteth new wine into... bottles." Luke 5:37.
46 "when men have well drunk, then that which is..." John 2:10.
48 Waterbirds; herons, snipes, etc.
51 Place of first miracle.
52 Rawhide thong.
54 Brazilian coin.
55 "even the Son of man which is in heaven." John 2:13.
56 no man can... these miracles." John 3:2.
57 "And they bare..." John 2:8.
58 Exodus.
A saying of Jesus' mother is 1, 20, 21, 33, 40, 56 and 57 combined.
VERTICAL
1 "They have no..." John 2:3.
2 "When the ruler of the feast... tasted the water." John 2:9.
3 "... of the light of the world." John 8:12.
4 "bind the... of thine head upon thee." Ezek. 24:17.
5 Sunday School.
6 Highpriest and judge of Israel. I Sam. 14:3.
7 Manservant and Judgman.
8 One of David's wives. II Sam. 3:5.
(Solution of the problem will appear in our next issue).

They Also Serve . . .

(Continued from page 6)
could enlarge the pants at the bottom, and we did hundreds that way."
Now most of the work is minor changing, and sewing on regimental badges, pressing, and sock and glove darning. Here is a typical section of a recent day's entries in the record book: "Underwear taken in at the seams, collar turned, two pants altered, hook put on, gloves mended, tunic jacket taken in on sides, one pair underpants made smaller."
No record is kept of the soldier's name but each woman enters a record of what she does.

Old Socks for New

If a man is particularly in need—if the gloves he turns in are gone except for the wrists—he is handed new gloves or mitts, sweater, socks, as the case may be, and in that case his name is entered as a recipient.

"The men always seem so surprised that there isn't any charge for the work," said the worker in charge. "They say, 'perhaps a tip?' but we tell them, 'That would spoil it all; we're here just to help.' And they always seem very appreciative."

Now and then the boys turn up with their laundry to be ironed. The women iron it, or, as happened recently when one of the boys came in with his bag at 7.30 a.m. before the sewing room opened, he was given the keys and told to use the iron and go ahead himself. He had it almost done by the time the women came.

The sewing room is a very business-like place. The women accept the garments, check them with tags, hang them on the "unfinished" rack. Others take them from the rack one at a time, and when the garment is finished, hang it on a "finished" rack. Different volunteer groups man the room each day, but each tries to empty the unfinished rack before departing at night. Usually the women work in three shifts, one during mornings, another afternoons, and another evenings.

The Centre is a busy place. The mending room is only one small corner. Often there are hundreds of men in the building at one time. At one end is a refreshment stand where anything from bacon and eggs to a doughnut may be had. There are tables to which the men, cafeteria style, take their food. At the opposite end there are reading and writing areas, and it is not unusual for the writing room to use up 500 envelopes in one day.

In between are play areas, with

many tables for checkers, croquino and so forth, and big open spaces where men gather around pianos for sing-songs.

In the day time the canteen is manned by Salvation Army staff members, but at night volunteers from The Army offices and Corps and others help out at the refreshment stand.

Beyond the reading and writing areas, which is the quiet end of the hall, there is a little "quiet room" which is fitted a little like a very simple chapel and where a man may go if he really wants a moment of spiritual quiet. It serves, too, for a quiet haven for a man to bid farewell to his family.

"You know we try to serve everyone as carefully as we can," remarked The Army Major in charge, as he turned from the chapel to watch men enjoying themselves at games and the piano.

(Continued from column 1)

also been met at stations and provided with treats and comforts and reading matter. Hundreds of packages of books and magazines have been sent overseas for the use of servicemen.

For emergency relief of soldiers' families numerous families have been assisted in a time of need, especially during cold winter months. Even careful planning leaves nothing or little for sickness, and coal, clothing, and layettes, for infants are gratefully accepted by worried mothers. Hundreds of soldiers relatives have also been visited and cheered, a service which is thoroughly appreciated by the absent servicemen.

IF merely attending to the social side of a serviceman's life constituted the sum total of the work of Salvationists among the troops, it would fall very short of true success. For it is the spiritual touch that gives life and vigor to all The Army's endeavor, and this is appreciated by all thoughtful people who realize that spirit and soul need food and stimulus as much and more than the body.

Thus spiritual meetings and services contribute much to the general effort and do a vast amount of good. The Army's informal meetings as a rule appeal to the men,

SAM'S "GOOD NEWS"

A Story and a Revised Text

THE laziest man in the village was actually running. His hat was off, and his coat was flying in the wind. On and on he sped, till—crash! He collided with the vicar, and picked himself out of the roadway.

"Why, what on earth has made you run—and so fast, Sam?" asked the vicar. "Can't wait," gasped the other. "I 'eard of some work!" The vicar caught him by the arm. "And did you get the job?" he asked. "I don't know," replied the man struggling. "I only just 'eard of it. I'm goin' to find out." "Well, good luck to you Sam," said the vicar, releas-



FROM "DOWN UNDER."—New Zealand soldiers also find a welcome at the Canadian Red Shield Leave Centre in London

ing his grasp. "What kind of work is it?"

"Some washing for my wife," gasped Sam.

Many people are like Sam; they say, "Here am I, Lord; send somebody else."

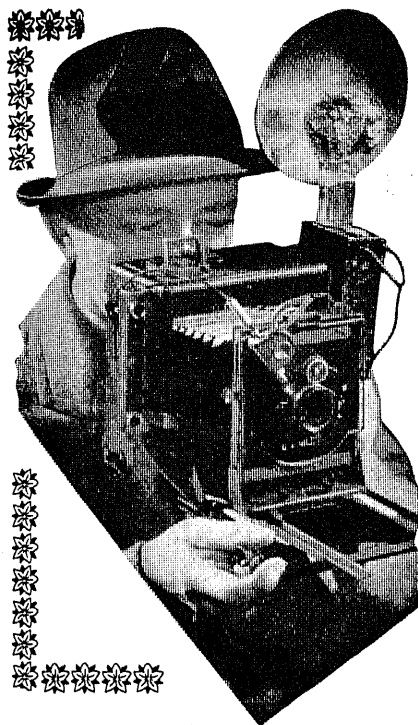
who also enjoy the singing of the old hymns and brief earnest messages. To hear a group of five hundred soldiers singing "The Old Rugged Cross," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is to enjoy the thrill of a lifetime.

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The Life of Christ—10.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11			12
13					14			15
16			17	18		19		
	20			21		22		23
24	25			26				27
28				29		30		31
32			33		34	35	36	
37			38		39	40		
	41		42		43	44	45	
	46		47		48	49		50
51				52	53			54
55			56			57		58

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory.—John 2:11.

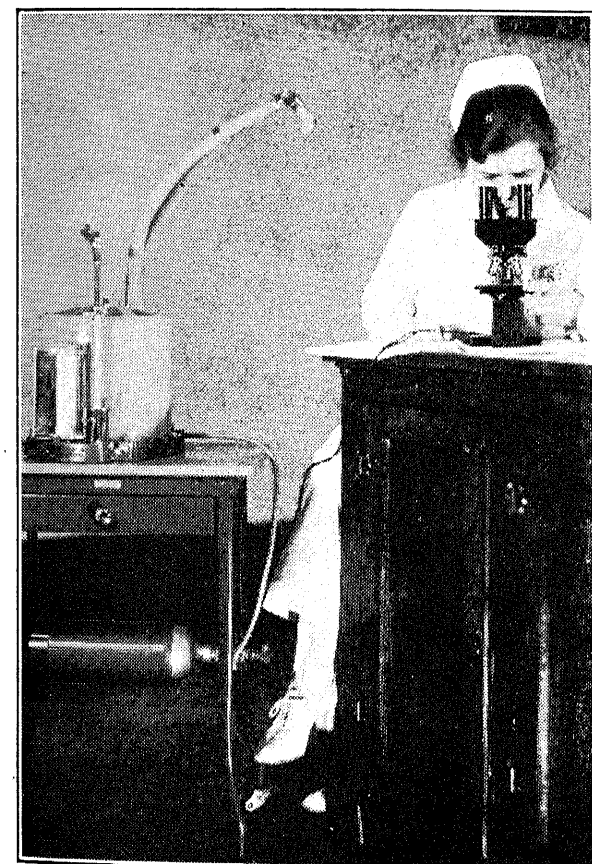


CAMERA NEWS AND VIEWS

PICTORIAL GLIMPSES OF THE ARMY'S SOCIAL ACTIVITIES



SINGING PRACTICE.—A charming study of a group of young guests at an Army Children's Home



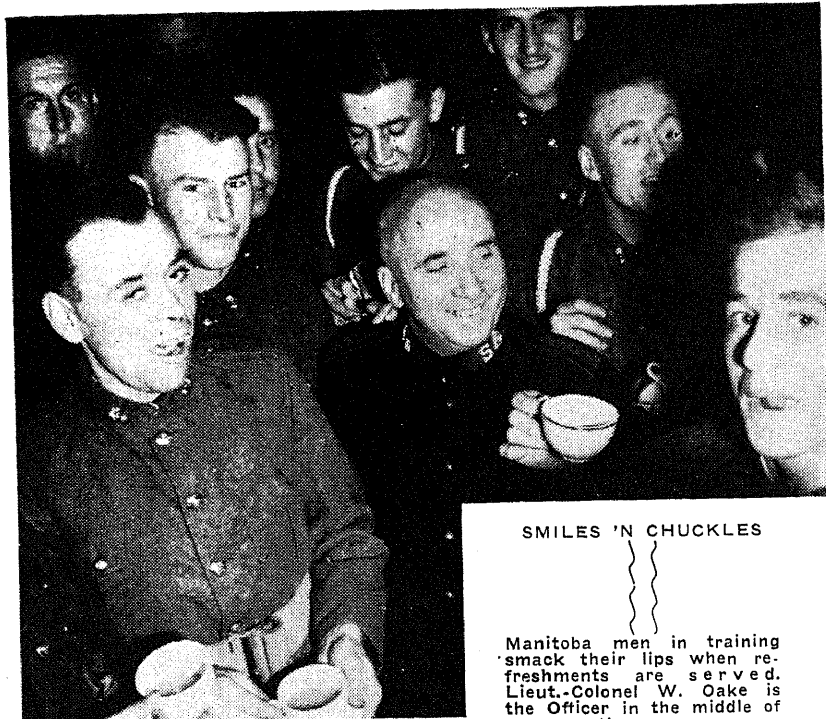
UP-TO-DATE METHODS.—The latest equipment is used in The Army's many hospitals in the Dominion



HOMELESS AND HUNGRY MEN are cared for at The Army's Hostels. Large numbers of the younger men who have been thus temporarily assisted are now serving King and Empire with the troops



CHEERIO, EVERYBODY!—A happy crowd at one of the Summer Fresh-Air Camps for Underprivileged Children



SMILES 'N CHUCKLES

Manitoba men in training smack their lips when refreshments are served. Lieut.-Colonel W. Oake is the Officer in the middle of the group.

FORGING AHEAD

A Battle-Song for Christian Soldiers

NOTE.—"Forge—to advance slowly, as if overcoming resistance; used with 'ahead,' as 'the train forged ahead through the drifted snow.'"—Webster's Twentieth Century Dictionary.

FORGING ahead, yes,
Forging ahead,
The soldiers of Jesus
Are forging ahead!
With Christ for our Captain,
We'll bravely endure.
Then, on to the battle—
The victory is sure!

Forging ahead, yes,
Forging ahead!
Though fierce be the conflict,
We safely are led,
While "looking to Jesus"
We never can fail,
Through faith and obedience,
The right must prevail!

Forging ahead,
Not a moment to lose!
He leads us, we follow,
And dare not refuse!
The Light shines through darkness,
And victory is near;
Then, on to the battle,
And cheer, comrades, cheer!
Saskatoon. Albert E. Elliott.

GRATEFUL THANKS

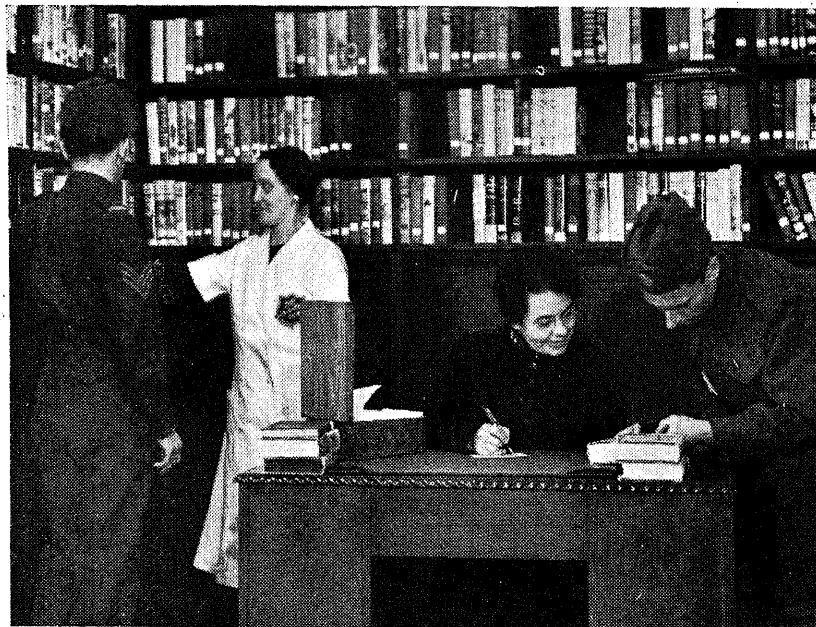
THAT anything done for the Canadian Active Service Forces is done without thanks is emphatically corrected by the following communications received by Major A. Steele, official chaplain with the C.A.S.F. They were first addressed to Adjutant A. Simester, who is working as "Supervisor" with the 11th Field Ambulance:

"May I take this opportunity of thanking you on behalf of the unit for the generous gift of the wireless set installed in the men's recreation room. As you know, the radio fills an important gap with those so far from home. I am told that the instrument is one of excellent tone and large coverage; news items, as well as Canadian and American programs have been enjoyed. Please extend our thanks to your Organization, whose work cannot be too highly recommended."

L. M. Stewart, Lt.-Col., Officer Commanding 11th Fd. Ambulance, R.C.A.M.C.-C.A.S.F. overseas.

"It has been brought to my notice that the men's recreation room has received some splendid games through your efforts. On inspecting this room it was found that two table-tennis sets were in play. Several of the men were writing letters, reading, and playing darts. Dominoes, checkers, and other excellent pastimes were in evidence. It is needless to say how all this is appreciated. Gifts such as these are so useful in providing diversion for the men when the 'black-out' prevents outdoor relaxation. Kindly convey the thanks of the unit to your Organization and accept our personal thanks to yourself."

L. M. Stewart, Lieut.-Colonel, "J."



GOOD BOOKS.—Library service is well appreciated by servicemen, and books are welcomed as real friends

The Wheels Go Round

Out-of-town Visitor "Looks In" at The Army's Headquarters

By MARY F. STUART SLINFOLD

RECENTLY I paid a visit to Toronto. It was solely in answer to prayer that this visit was possible, and for this reason I enjoyed it so much more.

I had been there a few days, and met with quite a lot of encouragement from people in connection with my business, when, glancing across the street, I saw The Salvation Army Headquarters. I had promised when leaving home that I would, if possible, pay a visit to The Army.

Just then I saw one of the Officers leave the building, and with a prayer that he would speak to me, I crossed the street. He gave me a pleasant "Good morning," and upon my telling him that I wished to see the work of the Organization, he kindly told me to ask for the only Officer I knew and she would gladly show me around.

I did so, and what a very fine visit I had! I could not attempt to tell how many rooms and offices I looked into, but I will never forget the hearty welcome I received at them all. The whole place was as busy as a hive, and it also radiated a spirit of happiness. The friendly smiles I received from the workers will give me happy memories of the Territorial Headquarters and the work of The Salvation Army.

The following day I met an Army Captain I had previously known, and upon my telling him of my visit to Headquarters, he said, "You should see the Red Shield Women's Auxiliary!" He instructed me how to get there, and here again I was given such a splendid welcome. I saw the work rooms where the huge boxes and bundles are packed for the children and sufferers from the war.

Here, too, I found a spirit of friendly happiness as I watched the workers, each one so busy; some mending, some sewing on buttons where needed; others folding and packing the garments into huge boxes and bundles to be sent overseas.

I was shown lovely warm pairs of socks made from unravelled socks and sweaters which had been unfit for further wear.

All this was done as unto Christ. Yet there are so few people who realize that only love for others and for the Master could enable these workers to carry on, for although I did not know them, I am sure these same women in days before the war had done duties which kept them busy.

From the work-rooms I went to the office of the Territorial Red Shield Women's Auxiliary Secretary, and from that quiet sunny room I shall carry memories to help me over many a rough place in days to come—memories too sweet to put into words. May God bless her and those faithful workers, and all whose work lies behind the scenes, in what may seem the common ways and yet without the hidden wheels of which the huge machinery must stop.

behaviour. No pressure of opinion, no mere mob psychology, will serve to sway them. And weaker fellows will be able to lean on them for support when the temptations come.

We want men of toughened moral fibre, who will live clean, upright lives now that the gracious restraints of the normal home environments are removed.

The really "tough" man is the one who is afraid, who carries on just the same; who takes the ribbing of the crowd good-naturedly, and lets it make no difference to his course of action; who plays fairly, and lives on the level and unselfishly with all men. He is a square-shooter, who whilst standing for his rights, never forgets his obligations. Such a man we all admire.

I commend to you the glorious example of Jesus. He had strength of physique. He had strength of ideals. He had strength of moral character. Not all the jibes in the world, nor even the humiliating agony of a calloused crucifixion, could swerve Him from His fixed faith in God, and His firm resolution to live to the bitter end His gallant life of goodness and heroic unselfishness. And ultimately He was Conqueror.

To all men I will say in this war for the preservation of the decent things and for the securing of conditions in which all people shall be granted their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, let us exalt Jesus as our ideal of true manliness.



The Manliness of Jesus

A WORD TO YOUNG SERVICEMEN

IN his way, Terry is a bit of a philosopher. Since we arrived in England he has done a lot of thinking, and every now and again he drops in to talk things over with me. The other day he advanced the conclusion that the military army either makes a fellow a great deal worse, or a great deal better than he was when he joined up.

My rather limited experience does not permit me to comment authoritatively on this statement, though I imagine that in a general way, it contains a considerable germ of truth. Certainly it is a subject worth looking into.

I have noted—in fact some have confessed this to me—that many men hold the idea that a soldier must be "tough." By "tough" they mean he must be a hard drinker, a heavy swearer and do many other things, perhaps worse, that he would not do in his own home town, where good women and little children are among his friends and see him every day. In the army one gets down to the elemental issues of life.

Personally, I take issue with the assumption that a fellow has to be "tough" in this sense to be a good soldier, or airman or sailor. I believe he should carry into the new life a high degree of self-respect, cleanliness and control. These qualities are just as necessary in the army as they are at home.

There is a form of toughness,

By "Salvationist in Khaki"

however, if you want to keep to the term, that is an imperative in the army. We want men of tough physique, with developed powers of bodily resistance and discipline. To secure this every man must look after his body, keeping it clean and free from abuse of any nature.

We want men who hold strong, straight mental attitudes—whose convictions are sensible and solid. Such men will have splendid ideals of life, and fair play and decent

S-I-L-H-O-U-E-T-T-E-S

OF ARMY ACTIVITY
ON LAND AND SEA

A NAVAL Officer—a lieutenant commander—well-built and smartly dressed in his blue uniform plus gold braid and white cap, laid a kindly detaining hand on the arm of a Salvation Army Officer in a large departmental store opposite Territorial Headquarters a few weeks ago.

"Have you very much work in this city?" he enquired. And the Salvationist enlightened him with several particulars.

"That's really fine," returned the other. "Do you happen to know if a paper called The War Cry is published here?"

The Salvationist was pleased to acknowledge that he happened to be a member of the Editorial staff.

The naval officer appeared delighted. "Well, well, what a coincidence!" he exclaimed. "I would like you to know that one of your front-page pictures helped me to make the great decision to accept Christ as my personal Saviour. Glad to say, I have been on the Good Way ever since."

A warm and grateful shake of the hand, and the speaker was lost in the crowd. The War Cry man

hastened back to his work—grateful to God and vastly encouraged.

THE following is a fragment of a story sent out by the British Ministry of Information, revealing one of the numerous sidelights on the tremendous task so nobly performed by the men of the navy. Oddly enough it includes the shepherds who kept watch on Bethlehem's plains and refers to The Salvation Army's happy religion:

"The First Lieutenant unfastened the belt of his goatskin coat and pulled a biscuit out of his pocket. He stood leaning against No. 3 gun nibbling the biscuit and thinking about his goatskin coat."

"It was the type of garment worn by Palestine shepherds and he had bought it at Alexandria. It smelt like nothing on earth when he bought it, but he hung it in the sun and the wind, on board his destroyer 'up the straits,' and that made it all right."

"Shepherds had probably worn coats like that in the time of Christ, guarding their flocks from wolves on the bleak hills of Palestine. He felt that there was some sort of connection between him and the shepherds although it was a far cry from Palestine to the North Sea."

The Same Sort of Job

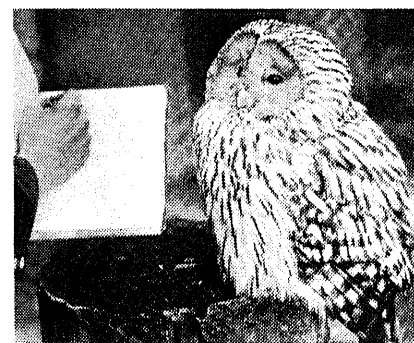
"Anyhow they both had much the same sort of job and they were both wearing the same sort of coat, and it was a good coat for keeping watch in, once you got the smell of goat out of it."

"The loader of the foremost gun had a toothache. He drank hot cocoa but that only made it worse. He wanted to bang his head against the gun shield. He wondered how anybody could be unhappy who hadn't got toothache. The world was just composed of two lots of people, those who had toothache and those who hadn't. The ones who hadn't ought to go about dancing and beat the cymbals together like The Salvation Army and shouting 'Hallelujah!'"

"Most people didn't know when they were well off, and that was a fact. He wondered what the captain would say if the ship's company started beating tambourines and shouting 'Hallelujah!' because they hadn't got toothache and a lot of other discomforts."

WORDS OF WISDOM

Worthy of Note



Push! If you can't push, pull! If you can't pull, stand aside and cheer the workers.

Say it with a cheque—commensurate, of course, with your gratitude.

Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits.—Thomas A. Edison.



DURING the transportation of Canadian troops to Iceland a unique incident occurred, but which also affords some indication of the manner in which war-service doughnuts, cakes, chocolate bars and tea. When the troops arrived after an all-night journey, they were surprised—and many of them shouted—"Good old Salvation

"MARCHING ON TOGETHER"



The seven great English-speaking countries of the world keep step in striving to uphold Christian and humanitarian ideals

workers of different religions cooperate.

While on board the troopship Adjutant Fred Howlett, Salvationist Auxiliary Officer, conducted a Sunday evening service with the men, a Roman Catholic assisted at the piano, a Baptist minister led the singing and an Anglican Canon also took part. All agreed that a delightful hour was spent.

The Adjutant reports that a splendid Red Shield work is in progress in Iceland. The games and radios help to make the loneliness and darkness of the long nights bearable. The radios supplied are working well and "the boys" can listen in to Canadian programs, as well as those of England, and the U.S.A. Additional skating equipment and other recreational material has recently been shipped.

ILLUSTRATIVE of the manner in which the men who staff the Mobile Canteens are required to be on hand for special duty is the following brief account of one such expedition:—

"Request received from military staff for us to go to O— to meet the artillery from P—. The car left camp at 8.30 a.m., loaded with

Army!" Our men were on the job the following day and did not get home again until 4 a.m."

WRITING to Commissioner B. Orames from a Canadian military camp, a soldier says:

Words of mine cannot express to you or those concerned the splendid work being done by The Army at the camp, which certainly is a lonely place at this time of the year. Just now water and mud is nearly knee deep outside and, as I write, the wind is howling. But inside the hut it is as warm as can be and the boys are enjoying themselves immensely playing games in the usual way, and with the radio going.

As a veteran of the last war and having a son in this war I may add that The Army is only repeating what it did overseas in the Great War. Its workers never refused to do us a kindness.

Considering what difficulties our workers have to face they are doing their jobs as good Christian men, and with a smile. We take off our hats to The Salvation Army.

THE Red Shield Hostess Houses in large cities and elsewhere are a great convenience to the wives and relatives of servicemen and men in training, especially those who would otherwise have been in particularly difficult circumstances.

For example, a Montreal woman who recently arrived in Toronto with four small children to start house-keeping had no friends and very small means. She and her little family were received into the Hostess House, where they were cared for.

MEN OF THE PIONEER CORPS, whose duties are of a particularly arduous character, rest on the edge of a wrecked basement in London, while Captain R. Hoggard serves appreciated refreshments. The Captain, who is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Hoggard, Toronto, with other Salvationists was recently presented to Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace. "You Salvation Army folk never let us down," said Her Majesty. "You are always there when wanted."

CO-OPERATION.—A man-of-war, a portion of whose superstructure may be seen at top of picture, picks up urgent letters from a speedy destroyer



By
Colonel E. H.
Joy (R)

THE LETTERS THAT CROSSED

*A Story of the C.A.S.F. and Red
Shield "Correspondence Corner"*

"Nothing, my boy, nothing at all, but lots to do with you I guess." That's all, but the seed of a good deed was sown. "I'm a fool!" he said as he turned away. "Poor little kiddy, I guess she'd give the world to hear from me, but I'm not giving that Salvation Army man the pleasure of making me do it."

On the other side of the Atlantic, away up in the apartment block in a certain Eastern Canada city, she was saying: "Yes, I'm a fool! Poor boy, I guess he'd give the world to know what I have to tell him. It'll sure please that Army girl who sold me The War Cry to know I've written him. Here goes."

I am not going to stress the coincidences so much, or to strain the reader's credulity by saying that the two resolutions were taken at the one and the same identical moment—that would be too much like Hans Andersen or the Brothers Grimm, but I do aver that the mail with his letter and the mail with her letter passed each other in mid-

It was the first time during their married life they had spent so much as a night apart; he had gone off to the training camp and she had let him go without a word. He tried to make amends for his leaving her, but she would have none of it—she pushed him away when he tried to kiss her farewell and smiled satirically at his words of good-bye.

She had already said more than she wished she had. When he came home at noon, one day two weeks before, and told her he had "joined up," she had overwhelmed him with words of bitter reproach. Not that she did not want him to do his bit, but she objected to his doing so without having first mentioned the matter to her; it did her out of the glory of being able to say she had "given him up for the country's sake."

During his weeks in camp she had replied to none of his letters, and this, and what he heard about her attitude from chattering relatives, made him decide not to spend his leave with her. He went to his mother's instead, and he had the brunt of a lot of pent-up jealousy of her.

He did go so far, however, as to send her word of the day he would be leaving Canada; though he made no suggestion that she should come and see him off—that he left to her to decide. He would have been among the happiest men if she had come along, as hundreds of other wives had done, even if it had meant her tears and his being intermingled.

He told none of his mates. It was no business of theirs. Those who knew him previously for a gay, light-hearted hail-fellow-well-met sort of a chap wondered at the change. Surely, they thought, he wasn't such a "sissy" as to be homesick.

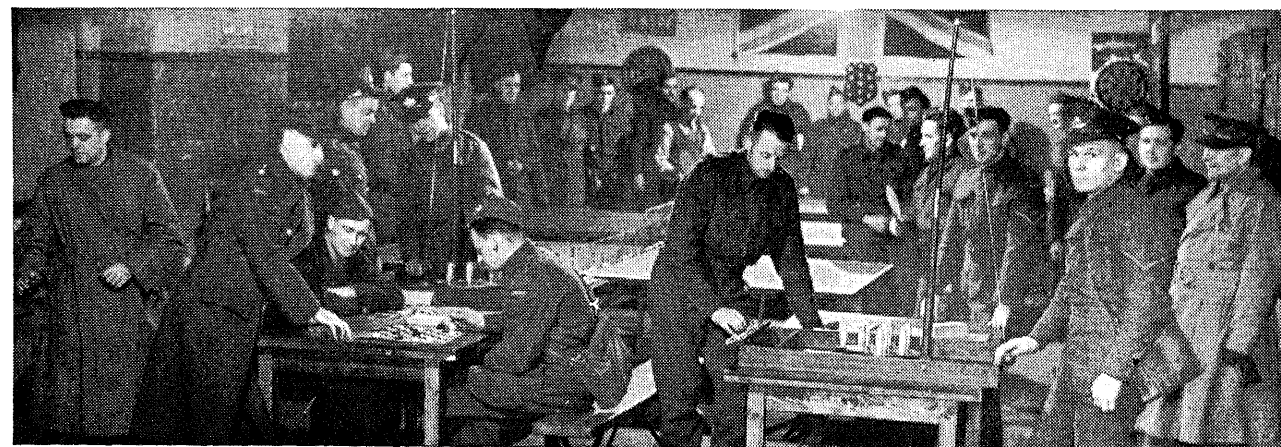
That day was a misery for her. How longingly and lovingly she thought of him, and how she cursed her pride and ill-temper. How she wished she knew of a way to let him know how she felt. (And there was a lovely secret she wanted to tell him!)

The weeks rolled on, but she didn't write. Why should she if he didn't write to her? but in her heart of hearts she blamed herself for the situation. She tried again and again to frame a letter which would be all right without admitting she was in the wrong.

Other women had their letters—how they flaunted them—but she had none, and had to invent all

kinds of subterfuges to cover the fact. Sure, he was punishing her right enough, but how could she blame him?

Then, somehow or another—how do these things happen?—she bought a copy of The War Cry from a Salvation lass who came selling them at the door, and she read therein about the Red Shield Centres and The Army's work among the men overseas. There was a picture in the paper of the writing-room of one of the Centres in



RECREATION AND RELAXATION.—Canadian soldiers enjoy the facilities of the Games Room at a Red Shield Hut in England. At the left of the picture, bending over a table is Major A. Steele. Beside him is Major R. Gage. At the extreme right is Major H. Wellman—all Canadian Salvation Army Officers

Britain, and of the troopers busily engaged with their homeward mail. No good looking for her man among those in the picture; she'd given him nothing to write home for, although she had that to tell him which would have sent him sky-high with delight.

She waited until The Salvation Army girl came again, and, summoning up all her courage and pushing down her pride, she told her of the mess they—she and her husband—were making of things. You would have thought The Army lassie was a specialist in love affairs by the way she advised her. "You give me his address—his military address—and our people will find him out. No, they won't let on you're asking; they know how to do these sort of things. Supposing we pray right now that they'll be guided properly."

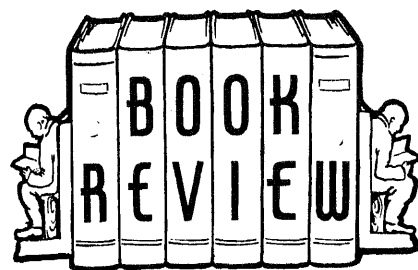
To return to him. One afternoon, with nothing to do to kill the monotony of an afternoon free from drill and routine, he went along to the Red Shield Centre to change a book he had had from the library. While he was waiting his turn he picked up a sheet of note-paper

whom the Officer had heard in the mail that day. "Say, buddy, when did you write home last?" "What has that to do with you?" he ejaculated.

ocean, and that there's been a continuous stream of such-like both ways ever since. He and she have both "lived happy ever after." God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.



"KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE FOLKS AT HOME," is the reminder given on Red Shield stationery. These penmen are busy complying with the instruction



THE YEAR BOOK 1941

"THIS book certainly has opened my eyes to the magnitude of the work of The Salvation Army." So spoke a warm friend of the organization, addressing a Salvationist.

Indeed The Year Book is an especially-informative volume and should be read by all who are interested in the cause of humanity.

The variety of activities is indicated by the choice of topics for the explanatory articles which occupy a good portion of the book. They include, "Serving on all Fronts" (a review of War Work from China to Iceland), "Luke's Gospel in Celebes" (translation work by Finnish Salvation Army Officers), "In the Australian Outback" (work among women in the back-blocks), "L'Armee du Salut in France" (glimpses of the work before and after the division of the country into "occupied" and "free" France), "Darkest England" Scheme (review of fifty years of Social service), "Women's Careers in The Salvation Army" and "What The Salvation Army does not do" (a spirited collection of negatives by a Swedish Officer serving in the United States).

An Indispensable Volume

All these precede and illuminate the mass of statistics and information which follows, and which makes The Year Book indispensable.

No Salvationist or Army friend should be without the volume, which is in truth a dictionary of The Salvation Army. Every home would be enriched by it.

Obtainable at The Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. Price Ninety Cents.

ESKIMOS AT PRAYER

THE following message has been sent by the Eskimos of Labrador to the King: "The Eskimos desire to inform the King that their poverty makes impossible any material contribution to the war. But we can help with our prayers and that help will be offered daily; that God would preserve your Majesty from all harm and danger."

• IN SAFE HANDS •



Multitudes of small Londoners have been cheered and cared for by The Army during air-raids on the great metropolis

Songs That Bless And Inspire

Absent Loved Ones



(Reprinted from The Musical Salvationist by request)

JESUS CANNOT FAIL

Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers"

When the cross is heavy,
When the way is rough,
When the foe advances,
When the fight is tough;
When the cruel tempter
Would my soul assail,
Jesus will uphold me,
Jesus cannot fail.

Jesus, precious Jesus, I will follow
Thee,
Trusting and obeying; faithful I
will be.

When the storm is raging,
When the lightnings flash,
When the war I'm waging,
When the thunders crash;
When I seem to falter,
Jesus will be near;
Tenderly He'll whisper,
"Never, never fear."

When my toil is over,
When the fight is done,
When the foe is vanquished,
When the victory's won;
When I cross the river,
Oh, the bliss 'twill be;
Jesus, precious Jesus,
Face to face with Thee!

MARCH ON!

Tune: "There'll Always Be an
England"

March on, Salvation Army,
The world, with weary eyes,
Is looking for a lasting peace
Which man fails to devise.
Toil on, Salvation Army,
Sad hearts are calling you!
Remember what your Flag stands
for—

The Yellow, Red, and Blue.
New hopes to raise,
Helping a hundred ways.
Living to serve, Truth to preserve,
Give of your best.
With loyal hearts,
Fearless, when danger starts,
This is your call, claiming your all,
Rise to the test.
Fight on Salvation Army,
Your righteous cause make
known,
For God, who set your standards
high,
Still reigns upon His throne.

Tune: "Calling To-day"
Working for Thee, working for
Thee,
Earnestly, constantly, faithfully
Working for Thee.

"MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART"

—Eph. 5:19.

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

No Other Book Means So Much to the Human Heart

SOMEONE rightly has said: "There is no other book with which the Bible can be compared and no other reading that means so much to the human race. It is the support of the strong and the consolation of the weak; the dependence of organized government and the foundation of religion."

In the course of their duties Salvation Army Auxiliary Officers have

A MOTHER AT THE MOBILE

APATHETIC little figure in black stands away from the crowd in an air-raided British town.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of tea, mother?" asks the Captain. "If there is one to spare," she replies. "Is your home here?" "It was! But it has gone with all I possess and my second boy with it. I lost the first in France." Then, with a bright smile, "Ah, Captain, but, thank God, they were both ready!"

distributed among soldiers in Canada and Great Britain large quantities of Bibles and Bible portions, and these have been the means of spreading light and blessing.

Splendid Co-operation

In this connection The Army is much indebted to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Scripture Gift Mission, the Gideons, and other societies for their splendid co-operation in the distribution of the Scriptures. It is not generally known that the General of The Salvation Army is a vice-president of the Bible Society, nor that Salvation Army Officers in missionary countries have frequently translated portions of the Old and New Testaments into native tongues.

Special song-books, adapted to soldiers' needs, are also used at all Red Shield Centres in the Dominion and the United Kingdom. Most of the old and loved hymns are included.

The Canadian War Services Fund

CAMPAIGN COMMENCING MARCH 24, 1941. OBJECTIVE \$5,500,000

A united appeal to the Canadian people for funds to carry on the services of the auxiliary organizations authorized by the Government of Canada to serve the Canadian troops in Canada and overseas.

THE SALVATION ARMY RED SHIELD WAR SERVICE

is one of the co-operating bodies and the hearty support of all Salvationists and friends of the Red Shield is requested to make the Campaign a success.

IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW:

THAT during the first year of the war more than five million servicemen used Red Shield Centres, Clubs, and Huts.

Some four million men were served in the Refreshment Canteens.

The number of services held, and programs given totalled 2,150 . . . attendances, 766,555.

Around a quarter million comforts were distributed among the troops. Nearly seven million sheets of stationery and over six million envelopes were given free in writing rooms.



HOMELIKE INFLUENCES



The WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army
in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and
Bermuda

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET
LONDON, E.C.

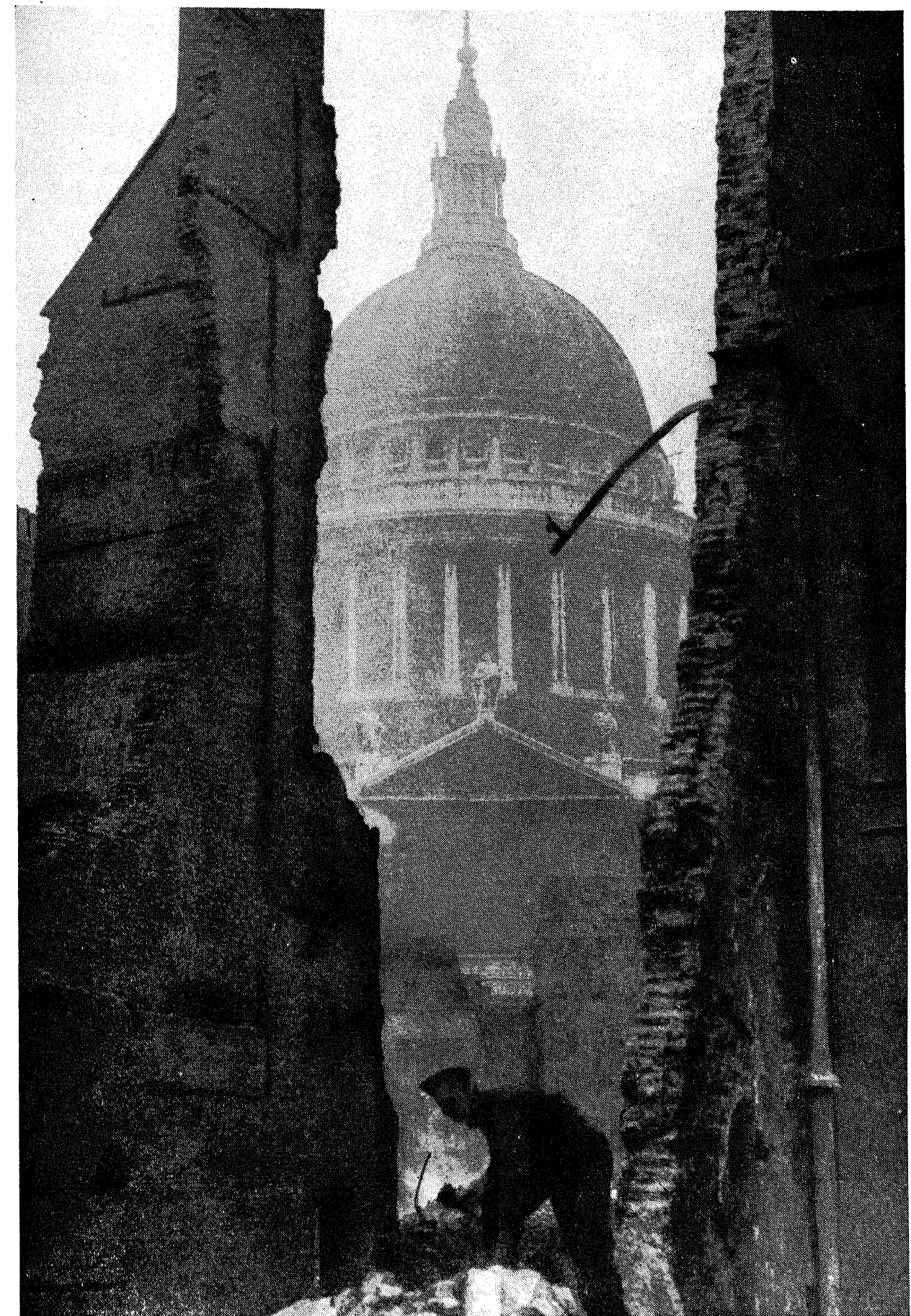
TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
JAMES AND ALBERT STREETS
TORONTO

WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER
GEORGE L. CARPENTER
GENERAL

No. 2941 Price Five Cents
Toronto, Saturday, March 15, 1941
Benjamin Orames, Commissioner

"CROWNS and thrones may
perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise—
And that cannot fail."

"CONSTANT WILL REMAIN"



CONTRASTS IN THE EMPIRE'S METROPOLIS

SYMBOLICAL of the Church Universal and its God-entrusted mission in a sorely-distressed world is this striking photograph of Old Saint Paul's, taken from between crumbling walls during the destructive bombing of London's throb-

bing heart. The Army's International Headquarters a short distance away suffered from incendiary bombs but the Blood and Fire Flag, like the golden Cross that surmounts Wren's noble edifice, still victoriously points skywards.